



# The Moon Wolf



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## Chapter 1 by Gabrielle Veason

Once upon a time, there was a God of the Moon who was growing old he decided that the wolfs are the nicest to him and the moon so he goes on a quest to find who should become the moon wolf.

## Chapter 2 by Roisin



The moon god went in search of wolves all over, watching and appreciating the beauty of the fine creatures that welled far below where he normally resided. The god found a suitable pack and using the powers he had left, gave change to his once nonexistent form. Form the very air a body seemed to take form.

Appearing in the form of a silver wolf, the god of the moon made his way towards where the pack would most likely hunt this evening, as they always did. In order to blend in with the other wolves and hoping not to be seen as a threat, the moon god stayed quiet as he hunted for the pack. And as sounds of panting breath and running grew closer, his newly formed heart felt as if it would beat out of its chest. The god of the moon listened and waited until it seem the wolves had moved on ahead. Thinking to follow in the hunt and offer support, the moon god rushed after them into the clearing he knew was ahead. But as his eyes set upon the very wolves he'd followed, his swift pursuit came to a immediate halt.

There in the clearing were indeed hunting wolves, but what was corned by the seven larger built was male wolves was by no means dinner. At least he prayed that he was mistaken. Surrounded by the feral, growling males laid a much smaller red wolf. A female. Panting and growling, obviously exhausted having run as fast from the males as she must have, and from her

hind legs dripped what was most likely a alarming amount of blood. Her body shook from the effort she seemed to be wasting. She was panting and ready. Laying as she was, ready to spring forward to attack should opportunity arise.

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Before the God of the moon, now masking as silver wolf, stood a female, small a fragile, fighting for her very life.

And the thought that she most likely was not to win this apparent battle seemed to set the moon gods blood to boil.

A red haze seemed to cloud his vision of the males, though it appeared as if some have them had noticed him and turned to send him away.

Not Bloody Likely, he thought.

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